Princess Daisy in:
A Sore Bottom for a Sore Loser
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Episode I:
A Heated Gamer Moment Leads to a Heated Gamer Fundament

“Come on, Dad! You're going to let me beat you again?" exclaimed Princess Daisy as she mashed the A button on the controller in her hands.

Her father, the King of Sarasaland, chuckled. "I'm trying my best, Daisy, but you're just too good at this game!"

The two of them were huddled in front of the television, playing *Mario Party* together. It was a rare moment of downtime for the King, who usually had a full schedule of meetings and responsibilities to attend to. But he had promised his daughter that they would spend the afternoon bonding over their mutual love of gaming as a birthday treat.

It wasn’t *technically* Daisy’s 19th birthday. That would be tomorrow. But as far as Daisy was concerned, this was the real celebration. Tomorrow there would be an ornate cake, guests from across Sarasaland and the Mushroom Kingdom, flamenco music, salsa dancing! But today, Daisy could just relax in her comfy summer skirt with the best dad in the entire world.

Daisy was thrilled to be spending her “official, unofficial birthday” with her father, and even more thrilled to be beating him at his own game. She had always been fiercely competitive, and she relished the opportunity to show off her skills.

"You know, Dad," she said, grinning as she guided her character across the screen, “You have to try and anticipate my next move when you choose your path on the game board. I could teach you a thing or two about strategy.”

The King laughed. "I think you already have, my dear. You're putting me to shame!"

As they played, the two of them chatted and joked. It was a rare moment of levity in the often-stressful life of a royal family.

Eventually, the game came to an end, with Daisy emerging as the victor once again.

"I can't believe you beat me again!" groaned the King, shaking his head in disbelief.

Daisy grinned, giving her father a playful nudge. "Don't worry, Dad. Maybe you'll get me next time…Or not!"

“Hopefully I can win sometime before you turn 20!” The King smiled, feeling grateful for the opportunity to spend time with his daughter and grateful for the reminder that sometimes, it's the simple things - like playing video games with your child - that can bring the most joy.

As soon as the victory music finished playing, Daisy quickly navigated the menu to set up a new game. “Come on! Let’s have a rematch! I love kicking your ass!”

The King of Sarasaland fixed his tomboy daughter with a stern look. “Daisy, that’s not an appropriate expression for a daughter of royalty. You’ve got to work on minding your language.”

Ignoring her father’s glare, Daisy raised a hand to boop his nose, one of their favorite ways of teasing each other ever since she was little. “You’ve got to work on getting gud at Mario Party, Dad!”

But the King of Sarasaland didn’t crack a giggle like he normally would if they were playing. He looked Daisy in the eye to get her attention. “Daisy, this is serious. How can you be responsible for an entire kingdom one day if you can’t control your tongue? Now, I want you to promise to work on your language. If you use another coarse expression, I will take away your video game privileges. Do you understand?”

Daisy’s hand paused in mid-air mid nose boop. She and her Dad loved to play silly games with each other, but when he gave her “the look” she knew it meant that he was being dead serious. “Yes, sir. I promise.”

“That’s my girl!” said her father, beaming. The firmness melted back into his usual jovial self in an instant. “Now, let’s que up one more game. I’m going to try my best to win at least one today!”

As the game progressed, Daisy was determined to keep her promise and show her dad her best Princess manners. After the first few turns, Daisy bought a star and took the early lead. She was so elated, all thoughts of their serious conversation were driven from her mind.

“Yes! I’m gonna’ win every game today! A perfect record! Flawless victory! No one beats me, not even my dad!” Daisy thought.

However, things didn't go as planned. As the game progressed, Daisy started to feel frustrated as her father caught up to her score. He made some good item purchases, and purchased a star himself to reach second place, with only a few coins separating them.

She tried to keep her cool, but as the tension mounted, she found herself losing control.

When a computer player beat Daisy in a duel, Daisy fell into second place behind her dad. In a flash, Daisy stamped her foot and stood up, barely stifling a curse word. “Fffff…Dang it!”

As she caught herself, her father flashed her the firm look again. “Good catch, but that was a close one, Daisy. Try to have fun even if something doesn’t go your way. You can’t win every game. Look at me. I lose to you all the time and I still have a blast!”

Pouting, Daisy sat back down, glad she’d caught herself. At age ten, she’d learned the hard way that deliberately using mature language like the F-word in front of her dad was an offense that merited a spanking. She was way too old for that now, of course, but the lesson was well-ingrained. “Well, it’s not fair that the computer took my coins. I swear they programmed these things to cheat at some of these mini-games!”

“Well, sometimes life isn’t fair, Daisy. When we choose to play the game, we choose to sometimes have these things happen. Oops!” The second computer character hired a Boo to steal the King’s star, returning him to second place. “You see? I was in first, so the computer thought I was the primary threat. That could have been you.”

Daisy saw the logic in her father’s words, but she also liked pretending that the game was rigged against her. “Hummph! I guess.”

Mid-way through the game, Daisy and her father each bought a star. Daisy felt as though she had cemented her place in 1st, and her father was now fighting valiantly for 3rd place behind the thieving computer. They were both crushing the computers at the mini games, and Daisy silently kept score, with a smirk as the only hint of her inward sense of triumph. “I’ve won 6 mini games, Dad’s won 5, so I’ve got the minigame bonus star in the bag as a cushion!”

But with the help of Daisy's coaching, Dad did better at one of the skill-based mini games, edging her out.

Daisy chewed her bottom lip. "Okay, we're tied for that bonus star, but that's okay. Dad's only in 3rd, so I'm still comfortably ahead of the computer in second!"

Daisy's confidence took a hit when she lost a chance-based mini game to her dad. "Agh! Why do they even have mini games that are pure luck? It doesn't test any skill at all!"

The King patted her on the back of the shoulder reassuringly. "Well, keep on fighting, Daisy. If you focus on doing your best, you have nothing to be ashamed of if you get unlucky once in a while."

Daisy nodded, and focused on her next task: buying a third star. With that, she would have a comfortable lead even without a bonus star. Carefully choosing her items, Daisy calculated her best path. On the very last turn, her strategy paid off! Snatching up a third star, Daisy leapt up into the air pumping her fist in triumph. Looking her dad in the eye, she neenered him, smacking herself on the behind with one hand while stretching her lower eye lid with the other, before settling back into her chair. "Ha! Nyah, nyah! It's over, Dad! I'm the best!"

"Great job, Daisy! But don't count your chickens before they're hatched!" Following a similar strategy, the King used every coin he had to snatch up his second star on his final turn, putting him behind the star-thieving computer by just a few coins. That same computer landed on a Bowser space, losing all its coins, leaving them tied for second place. Daisy folded her gloved hands behind her head and kicked up her feet on the gaming table with a relaxed sigh. She reflected that there was nothing she loved more than kicking her dad's ass in *Mario Party*.

"Uh, Daisy, you might want to watch this…"

Daisy lazily opened one eye to catch a glimpse of the last computer character landing on a Chance Time space, triggering a special event in which either coins or stars could be exchanged. With horror, Daisy watched as it randomly jumped to select boxes. Her character's profile picture appeared on the second box, meaning she would either be forced to give or receive something. Daisy started to say a curse word out loud, before the memory of her promise to Dad caused her to censor herself mid-word. "Sh…shoot!" The computer jumped into the final box revealing the result: Daisy was forced to give all her coins to the computer in last place.

Daisy dug her fingers into her thick, chestnut-brown hair. “Ack! No fair, no fair, no fair! I hate this game!”

The King stroked his beard sagely. “Well, at least you didn’t lose your stars, and that’s what counts!”

The screen faded to the results page. In her wild swings between joy and despair, Daisy had lost track of her mental count for the bonus stars. She always dominated in mini-games so that was in the bag, and she’d deliberately landed on green event spaces to pick up a second bonus star. She was pretty sure the disastrous battle mini game and chance time event had taken her out of the running for the coin star, but Daisy knew it was simple math. With 2 bonus stars, her 1 star lead was unbreakable!

To Daisy’s consternation, both her and her dad tied for landing on green spaces. “Bumpkis! When’d you land on a green space?”

The King’s mustache drooped in polite shock. “Oh? Is that what that’s for? I thought it had something to do with going the farthest.”

Daisy narrowed her eyes in disbelief. “What? It’s for triggering green event spaces. Why would you think it had something to do with traveling the most spaces?”

Her dad only shrugged. “Well, because green means ‘go?’”

Daisy frowned. “C’mon, Dad, be serious!”

Dad smiled. “C’mon, Daisy, don’t be so serious!”

As expected, the second star, for winning the most coins, went to the computer with no stars. It hadn’t had an opportunity to spend a single coin on stars nor items, and despite poor performance in mini games, had scored coins from Daisy twice and gotten lucky with coins elsewhere on the board. Since the computer hadn’t earned a single star, Daisy had discounted it as a real concern.

Finally, the winner of the last star was announced. Daisy prepared to slap her dad on the back and tease him for another embarrassing loss. But with a musical, tinkling sound effect of doom, the last star was awarded to her dad, for winning the most mini-games.

Daisy's hand froze mid-swing above her dad's back. "What? No! I always win that! That's the part of the game that requires the most skill!"

…But then she remembered that she had forgotten to remember the mini game score count after her Dad got lucky in that one game. Daisy threw her head back on the couch and lamented the cruelty of God and an unjust world. "Unfair! I *had* that!"

"So, wait, that means we're tied for stars? What happens next? I've never seen this before."

Daisy halted feeling sorry for herself to watch the screen. "Well, the tie-breaker goes to the person with the most coins, which was me of course!"

"No, you lost your coins in that Chance Time game, remember? But I spent my last coin on my star, and landed on a green space with no coins, so…"

In horror, Daisy saw that they both had a total of 4 stars, and 0 coins. Decisively ahead of the computers, but a perfect draw.

Daisy's mouth hung open. "Wuh? This never happens to me…" For the first time in her life, Daisy watched as the game explained the rules of a tie breaker. Both characters would roll a die to determine the winner. "That's it? It all comes down to one die roll?"

Her dad nodded, equally surprised. "Good luck, Daisy!"

But Daisy furiously mashed the A button to roll her die as quickly as possible. "Go! Go go go, GOOOO!! Hurry!!!" A 9 appeared on the screen above her character's head, a great roll!

"Oh! Oops? Let me see here…" Dad fumbled to find the A button, and rolled a 10.

The game announced him as the winner of the tie breaker, and as the fanfare played, the King's chosen character, Luigi ("A fine young man, and an excellent role model!" as Daisy's dad liked to call him) danced triumphantly on the screen. In response, Daisy jumped up and danced in a fit of fury.

"What the hell! That's a load of bull shit! I *hate* this game! Pure *fucking* luck! *Fuck! Luck!*"

Seething, Daisy threw the controller at the TV screen, which cracked from the force of her 90 mile per hour baseball pitch.

Daisy was about to send the gaming table into the air with her world cup worthy soccer kick, when her father's two strong hands gripped her under the armpits and picked her up as lightly as if she was still a toddler. "Daisy, control yourself!"

But Daisy didn't *want* to control herself. *Mario Party* was an unfair, stupid game! The whole world was stupid and unfair! She squirmed, winding up her foot to kick her dad for having the gall to steal her victory!

But as Daisy looked into her father's firm eyes, the temptation to throw a proper tantrum died instantly. She suddenly remembered all the times she would wrestle and play-act at fighting with her dad and the other kids. Once when she was 12, she'd ignored her dad's warning about playing nice with her little sister Azalea. That day, Daisy had learned a hard lesson about the difference between boisterous roughhousing and bullying, after taking a trip across her father's knee.

Gently, but firmly, the King sat the princess down on the couch with a soft bump.

"Young lady, that was completely unacceptable. I can't believe you would do something like that."

In her heart, Daisy knew he was right. She just knew that she was about to lose her video game privileges! And when she saw the serious look in her dad's eyes, Daisy remembered all the "Daddy-daughter chats" they'd had over the years. Daisy couldn't help but think of a little cartoon angel standing on her shoulder shouting, "Alert! Alert! Abort this tantrum immediately!" But through the cracked TV screen she could still see and hear the terrible reminder of her defeat. The injustice of it all boiled over, drowning out her shoulder angel!

Daisy folded her arms in front of her, but looked to the side, unable to look her father in the eye. "You cheated!"

"I most certainly did not cheat! Now, Daisy, since you've broken the TV, we obviously won't be playing any more video games for a while. Furthermore, you will be doing chores in the castle kitchen to teach you to respect the value of property. If you work diligently, you'll be able to pay for the damage in a few weeks. I also promised you that you would lose your video game privileges if you swore again. *After* you have done enough chores to pay for the damage you did, you will still have an additional week

without video game privileges. And I suggest you shape up your attitude starting right now, before you make things worse for yourself."

Unfortunately at that moment, Daisy *hated* video games, so the threat of losing video games was like a beaver dam in the face of the flood of Noah. She wanted to win! She wanted to beat her dad! "So what! I never want to play that stupid game with you ever again! And who cares if I swear a bit? People do it all the time!"

Without yelling, but with deadly calm, the King pointed to the door. "Daisy, go to your room, now. You will stay there until you're ready to control your temper and be civil."

"Oh? A timeout? I'm 19-years-old, dad! I'm too old to be sent to my room!"

"Princess Daisy of Sarasaland, you are not too old to be sent to your room, and you are not too old for a spanking. Now, what is your decision? You can choose to obey and start making this right, starting right now!"

The tidal wave of anger paused. The shoulder angel, soaking wet and coughing up water, scrambled back onto Daisy's shoulder. "Don't do it, Daisy! You know he's serious!"

But in that moment of calm, Daisy made her decision, not out of hot anger, but of a single, cold desire. This contest was a battle of wills, and Daisy was determined to win it, for no other reason than that she hated losing. "Go ahead and spank me. I don't care! Do your worst, cheater!"

The King of Sarasaland nodded, taking a moment to struggle against the temptation to lose his temper. He was already regretting the threat to spank his grown-up daughter, but when dealing with a girl with Daisy's will power, it was essential to never make idle threats. Proper discipline required self-control, clear rules and consequences, and consistent follow through. He hadn't had to deal with bad behavior like this from Daisy for years, and he was determined to nip this in the bud. Firmly, the King pinched Daisy by the left ear with his right hand, careful not to tug on her ear.

Thankfully, it had the desired effect. Daisy stiffened, but all thought of fighting and struggling against her beloved papa vanished in a heartbeat. Her shoulder angel and shoulder devil were now having a professional wrestling match inside her heart. The shoulder angel had elbow dropped the shoulder devil, and was proceeding to give it a wedgie and spank it in front of a cheering crowd. Daisy saw herself in the crowd but didn't feel like cheering.

“Well, you just asked for a spanking, and now you’re gonna’ get one!” boomed the shoulder angel. “Congratulations! Hope you’re happy!”

“Daddy?” Daisy muttered, plaintively.

Still gently grasping her ear, the King guided Daisy up from the couch and towards the door. “March, missy.”

Daisy’s flood of anger had been replaced by a flood of every emotion imaginable. She wanted to obey? She wanted to defy him? She wanted to fight? She wanted to run! Dare him to spank her? Beg him *not* to spank her and promise to be a good girl?

The shoulder devil had squirmed off the shoulder angel’s knee, each attempting to pin the other. Daisy knew that fighting her Dad was off the table. Mentally, being pinched by the ear had brought 19-year-old daisy straight back to her 9-year-old self when he’d casually marched her to her room for a spanking exactly this way. All the memories of him cheerfully bouncing her on his knee collided with the memories of him sternly bending her across it.

Daisy silently fumed. “I’m not a little kid! He can’t treat me this way!”

“Start obeying your father, right now! Don’t make this any worse than it has to be!” roared the shoulder angel. But then the shoulder devil put it in a chicken hold and ripped its angelic tunic off.

“I’m too old for a spanking,” Daisy finally muttered, out loud.

“The day you’re too old for a spanking is the day you decide to act like it. Believe me, Daisy, I did not expect to have to paddle you on your birthday.”

As the King opened the door, he released Daisy’s ear and grasped her left hand in his right. “Walk with me. If I haul you by your ear, the servants will probably guess what’s going on. We can take care of your ‘birthday spanking’ in private.”

But Daisy stood firm, refusing to follow him through the door. “You think this is funny? Who cares if the whole castle knows! Not me! Maybe you don’t want people to know that you still spank your 19-year-old daughter?”

“I’m not ashamed that I spank you when I have to, Daisy. I am ashamed of how you acted and that I *still have* to spank you.”

Daisy’s shoulder devil had pinned the angel between its thighs, ripped off the angel’s heavenly undergarments and halo, and was using said halo to whallop said angel.

“Why wait ‘til we’re in my room? Go ahead, Dad! Spank me right here and now! Bring it on!”

“Well, you asked for it. Never let it be said that I didn’t give my Princess anything she asked for on her birthday.” With that, the King deftly switched his grip on Daisy’s left hand, freeing his huge, mighty right hand and pulling Daisy along and upward slightly by her left arm. As Daisy was forced to make a faltering step forward and catch herself, her father’s right hand caught her on the seat of her skirt with an echoing clap.

Daisy hopped a little, instinctively moving away from the slap on her rump, exactly like a pony. “Yii!” she whinnied, exactly like a pony.

With every few baby steps she made, her father planted another smack on her booty.

Daisy prayed silently between swats. “Help me, God! How do I get out of this one?” But her appeal to heaven couldn’t save her ass from the fiery torment.

“Don’t come cryin’ to me! You got yourself into this mess. Great job, smart ass!” answered the shoulder angel, rubbing her own bottom furiously.

“Yeah, good one, dumb ass!” added the shoulder devil, also massaging her red tail, with her red tail.

“Wait,” thought Daisy, “Wasn’t this your idea?”

“Hey, don’t pin this on me! I wanted you to kill your dad and make a break for it. I’m evil, not an idiot!”

As Daisy was led to a marble staircase by her dad, he paused spanking her to let her get her bearings and march up the steps safely. It occurred to Daisy that her dad was always so considerate. “…He doesn’t want me to get hurt, even after I push his buttons,” she thought.

However, he did deliver a quick series of sharp pats to each cheek, just enough to keep her moving briskly up the flight of stairs. As soon as they had safely arrived at the top, Daisy's quick breather was ended with a sharp pop. This time, Daisy made a noise more like a donkey. "Yee! Hee hee, heee!"

Daisy heard the tremulous crack of an elderly voice. "Ah, looks like Princess Daisy is getting a good, old-fashioned spanking! I haven't seen that for a few years!"

Completely mortified, Daisy twisted her head to see their elderly Toad washerwoman carrying a laundry hamper. "It's not funny! I'm not a baby! I'm a big girl now!" she roared.

But when her father spanked her, the "big girl" sure squealed like a baby.

"If you say so, dearie," said the old Toad, with either tender irony or ironic tenderness. "Your laundry will be done before supper, your highness!"

"Thank you, Madam Toad!" answered the King with the jovial politeness he showed all his servants. And with a hearty spank, they said goodbye, and Daisy's ordeal continued.

As the King led Daisy around the corner and toward her room, two toad servants popped their heads from around each side of the branching hall, identical to mushroom kingdom toads with the exception that they had horizontal stripes in the place of spots decorating their mushroom-like turbans.

Not even Daisy's healthy sun tan could mask her furious blushing as she recognized her father's counsel, old Toadswell, and her personal maid Toadelia.

Daisy's shoulder angel and shoulder devil paused their wrestling match, shared popcorn, and sat down to watch Daisy's torment.

"What's going on here?" puffed Toadswell, not disapprovingly.

The King sighed, "Princess Daisy lost her temper. So, she's getting a good spanking and a long timeout."

Toadelia placed her hands in front of her mouth in horror, her eyes welling up with sympathy behind her thick spectacles. "Oh dear, I hope you won't have to spank her too hard, my King. It is her birthday tomorrow, after all! She'll have to sit down in front of all the guests. May I ask what she did, sire?"

“I’m not…I didn’t…” Daisy tried to stammer out, unable to choose between an apology, a wise crack, or a rationalization. But her father landed a spank that sent Daisy dancing onto her tiptoes to remind her not to interrupt.

“If you must know, she threw a tantrum, threw the controller at the TV, and threw around a few choice swear words,” explained the King, landing a swat to punctuate each dependent clause of his sentence.

Toadelia’s sympathy didn’t vanish entirely, but she now had a look of understanding as well. “Oh dear…Well, at least I hope Daisy learns a sound lesson!”

Daisy could hear the amusement in their voices and see the looks of approval on their faces. It only made her feel more like a little kid. She sulked silently. "Why do they have to make fun of me like that? It's not funny. I'm in trouble!" It only took another spank to stop Daisy from feeling sorry for herself and her stinging pride. Now she was feeling sorry for herself and her stinging tushie. The conversation continued on, oh so politely. And as Daisy danced in a circle around him, her “Pops” continued to land a barrage of “pops” to her posterior any time she attempted to protest.

“Not here! Not in front of—Ow!”

Toadswell chuckled, his mutton chops bouncing. "That's the Princess for you! She always was a firecracker."

“No! Don’t watch! Yow!”

Toadelia nodded enthusiastically “My dad calls it ‘spunk.’ He says it’s good for me to show a little spunkiness, but when I’m too spunky I get a spanky…Oop!” Suddenly, Toadelia covered her mouth, realizing what she’d just blurted out loud.

“I’m not a little—OW!—not a kid anymo—ooore!”

After landing one more good spank, the King paused and looked at his war-dancing daughter with appreciation. "Daisy has a remarkable, strong spirit. It’s one of her many excellent qualities, when she is in control of her temper rather than letting it control her.”

The individual slaps were already starting to have a cumulative effect. Daisy already felt like she was getting “roasted over the coals,” but the sincerity of her father’s words struck her. He really meant it! Daisy felt warmth in the bottom of her heart…and in the heart of her bottom.

“Oh no! Is Daisy in trouble?” squeaked a little voice from behind them.

With a pang of fresh humiliation, Daisy recognized her kid sister Azalea’s voice.

With her free hand, Daisy pointlessly tried to hide her bottom as she whimpered. “No! Why is Azalea here?”

With his free hand, The King patted his younger daughter on the head and ruffled her hair. “Azalea! You’re home from your golf lessons early! I wasn’t expecting you back until dinner.”

“I got an eagle on all the holes and coach says I’m ready for the Mushroom Kingdom tour. Is Daisy gettin’ a spankin?”

The King sighed. “Yes, Azalea, I’m afraid she is getting a spanking today. She lost her temper and used naughty words.”

Azalea’s eyes went wide. “Oooh… Can I watch?”

Daisy felt her heart jump into her throat. Sure, Daisy and Azalea had had their squabbles over the years, but Daisy had always wanted Azalea to look up to her, to think she was cool. And it was impossible to look cool when you were bent over for a bare-bottomed spanking like a snot-nosed brat!

“No! Please! Don’t spank me in front of Azalea! I’d die of shame!” Daisy didn’t care if she got another spank for interrupting. However, no spank came. Instead, her father gave Daisy a reassuring look. She saw love in his eyes and…hurt?

“No, Azalea, you can’t watch. Not unless you want to join Daisy on a journey across my knee. How would you feel if I let Daisy watch you get spanked?”

Azalea thought about this hypothetical scenario. “Ah! That would be awful!” Then she snapped her fingers excitedly. “So that’s why I always have to go to my room before you spank me! But why are you spanking Daisy now?”

The King stroked his chin, directing a wry look to his older daughter. “Because Daisy asked me to. She didn’t want to wait until we got to her room!”

Azalea snorted. “That’s silly! Daisy, are you sure?”

Daisy was about to deny the charge of being silly, but when she remembered that she was guilty as charged, she could only clear her throat, awkwardly. She caught her Dad's eye, with an expression that was a wordless plea for help.

The King squeezed her hand. "Well, Daisy, it's time to decide. I believe you said that you didn't care if the entire castle knew you got spanked. Are you ready to obey? If you prefer, we can finish this discussion in your room, or would you rather take a walk around the castle with me first? I believe Princess Toadstool, and your friends Mario and Luigi are expected to arrive later tonight. Shall we treat them to dinner and a show?"

That did it. Daisy still remembered the butterflies in her stomach when Mario had rescued her from her kidnapper, Tatanga. Mario was the first man Daisy had ever met who was as tough as her!

For a few months, Daisy had actually competed with Princess Peach in a fierce rivalry to win Mario's affections, until her escapades led to Daisy getting to know Luigi better. He wasn't as forceful a personality as Mario, but…he had other charms.

Daisy had a clear mental image of her getting spanked in front of her first crush, getting spanked in front of her current crush, and getting spanked in front of her friendly rival Princess. The Royal Family's tradition of corporal punishment was no secret amongst the Sarasaland Toads. But what if word spread to the entire Mushroom Kingdom that Princess Daisy, the ferocious competitor and athlete, still got spanked at her age?

"Bye bye, reputation!" she thought.

With a furtive glance at Toadswell and Toadelia, she knew that no help was coming from that direction. Looking around the hall ways, Daisy was embarrassed to discover other guards within earshot, heroically standing guard and not making a sound while easily being able to witness the entire affair. Even if Toadswell and Toadelia were discrete, the entire castle would likely know about her spanking by evening.

Her many spankings as a young, hell-raising rapscallion, had been the stuff of legends. Tales of "How Princess Daisy Earned a Spanking Today" had long ago become beloved bedtime stories for young toads, with a reputation for high-adventure, daring-do, and knee-slapping comedy. They were legendary epics sung by poets throughout Sarasaland. (And to Daisy's discomfort, an unsettling number of scholars in the Mushroom Kingdom were starting to take an academic interest in these curious folk tales.)

Daisy suddenly felt like she was three years old standing in front of her father. But a realization hit her like a wave washing against a stone: “I shouldn’t be ashamed because I’m being treated like a kid. I should be ashamed because I’ve been acting like a kid.”

Daisy hung her head, and murmured, “Please, I’m ready to obey, Daddy.”

The King audibly exhaled. Toadswell and Toadelia were still bemused, but shared their monarch’s relief. Daisy wondered if the silent Toad sentries had been struggling to restrain laughter and maintain their fixed stances. Sure, everyone loved a good “Daisy spanking story,” but everyone loved Daisy too.

Azalea beamed. “That’s a relief. Once Dad explained it, I didn’t want to watch you get spanked anymore. I’m sorry I teased you, Daisy.”

Silently, Azalea admired her sister. “Daisy is so tough. I’ll bet she takes her spanking like a champ!” But with a nudge from her shoulder devil, Azalea also thought, “Though it would be fun to watch just once! Man, Daisy’s totally going to get spanked on her bare butt!”

Toadswell tucked his thumbs along his vest importantly. “Good luck, my liege!”

Toadelia curtseyed respectfully. “Yes, good luck, my lord! …And, Daisy? Good luck to you, as well!”

Daisy looked up to find the door of her room a whole 3 steps away. “I suppose I could have done that a lot earlier, huh?”

The King graciously opened the door for his daughter and gestured for her to enter. “Yes, dear. But no use dwelling on the past. Only learning from it.”

“Oh! Good luck Daisy! And Happy Birthday!” chimed in Azalea, absent-mindedly, still trying to ignore the visions of spankings dancing in her head. Sure, Daisy was the coolest, toughest big sister in the entire history of the world, but that only meant her spankings must be the coolest, toughest spankings in the entire history of the world!

Perhaps it was women’s intuition, but Daisy had a strong sense that Azalea’s mind was elsewhere. “Thanks for the vote of confidence, Azalea!” As Daisy obediently stepped into her childhood bedroom, she felt like she was crossing a threshold. All the memories

of her spankings from Mom and Dad over the years flooded over her. Daisy suddenly missed her mom more than ever just then, and wondered what it must have been like for her Dad to take over all the responsibilities of disciplinarian following the loss of Queen Samantha.

Daisy called up the image of the professional wrestling ring in her mind again. The shoulder angel and the shoulder devil were still munching on their popcorn, but Daisy concentrated on the shoulder devil.

A kernel of popcorn dangled from the shoulder devil's lip before dropping. "Uh, hold on, this wasn't my fault, you know! It was your dad who—"

All Daisy had to do was imagine the demon floating in mid-air, and it was so. As if with telekinesis, Daisy delivered a ferocious, imaginary spanking to the imp, before slapping her through the roof of the arena and into the heavens with a mighty spank.

The shoulder angel beamed and gave her a thumbs up. "Good one, Princess. But you're on your own from this point on!"

"No, silly, I'm not alone," thought Princess Daisy, as her father reassuringly placed a hand on the small of her back and guided her in.

Daisy was about to face the spanking of her life, and there was no one she'd rather have with her to help her face it than the man who was going to spank her.

End of Episode I

[Next time, on Daisy Ball Z, it's the moment you've all been waiting for: the spanking!]

Princess Daisy in:
A Sore Bottom for a Sore Loser:
Episode II: The Monarchy Spanks Back!

By Yu May

Princess Daisy heard her father close the door of her bedroom behind them. Her room was mostly tidy, but with a 'lived in' feel just the way Daisy liked it. On the pillow of her bed sat Mr. Burgy, a hamburger with a cute face, who was her favorite childhood stuffed plushie. Potted Superball flowers sat on the windowsill, a bookshelf stuffed full of the Motoyama Kazuki manga Daisy was fan translating, and trophies and posters from Daisy's career in tennis, soccer, golf, kart racing, and baseball all added a personal touch. Daisy may have had many responsibilities as the crown princess, but the King strongly encouraged Daisy's personal pursuits.

"All right, Daisy, you know the drill. Have a seat on your bed and let's begin our discussion."

Daisy swallowed. She most certainly did "know the drill." Daisy's father always started with a "warm-up" spanking. Nothing too hard, but enough to get Daisy's attention and smarten her up. But all of this was a prelude for the grand finale.

Silently, Daisy and the King seated themselves on her queen-sized bed. Daisy obediently lay across her Dad's lap, getting an up-close look at the subtle floral pattern depicting daisies stitched into her comforter. Lifting her hip up slightly, Daisy let the King flip up her white and yellow skirt, revealing cotton panties emblazoned with the words, "Hi! I'm Daisy!"

As was traditional, the King patted his spirited, tomboy daughter on her firm, muscular bottom, reminding her of what was about to come. Daisy felt a slight prickle from where his earlier warning slaps had landed. You never knew how much you'd miss being spanked over your skirt until it was hiked up over the small of your back. "Since it's your birthday tomorrow, I think an unofficial 'birthday spanking' will do for a warm up. I will count out 19, and one to grow on. Are you ready?"

Daisy put on what she hoped was her most adorable, daddy's-little-girl smile. "Want to sing me happy birthday first?"

The King replied by landing a solid whop on her panty-clad behind. "Daisy, you can have a birthday spanking for fun tomorrow, if you still want one. But I doubt you will,

because today we're making sure you've learned a life lesson, loud and clear. Now, when I ask a question, I expect a proper answer from you. Are you ready for your spanking?"

"Yes, sir!" answered Daisy, careful to avoid even a hint of sarcasm. She'd spent the past half hour digging herself deeper into this hole and she had the sense to stop digging. Ordinarily, a birthday spanking was something Daisy found to be a sort of fun, goofy challenge to test her toughness. But the dread of knowing that she would be facing "the real deal" soon after was starting to sink in.

"Very well. This time, I will count them for you." The King landed a firm spank, and began the count with, "One!" With chagrin, Daisy mentally noted her dad hadn't counted the earlier warning spank towards the total. She wasn't going to B.S. her way out of the hot seat today.
The King delivered 19 brisk strokes, counting each in turn. Daisy felt each resounding slap, and an angry stinging settled deep into her cheeks after only the tenth spank. She let out a few soft "Oofs!" and hums, but Daisy accepted her unofficial birthday spanking with the same toughness and grace she showed during an official birthday spanking.

"Nineteen!" counted the King. Daisy hips twisted reflexively, as though her butt already wished it wasn't attached to such a naughty Princess.

"And one to grow on!" The 20th spank caught her on the cheek just as it was starting to writhe away. Unfortunately, neither Daisy nor her butt could escape their shared fate.

"All right, good job taking the warm up, Daisy. Now, have a seat and let's discuss your behavior."

"Can't we just get my spanking over with?" As the words left her mouth, Daisy second-guessed herself. "…Uh, sorry, Dad. I mean, please? I'm not trying to be rude." She held up her hands in a delicate surrender.

"It's okay, I know you're not trying to be rude, dear. Believe me, when you want to be rude, people know. I want to get this over with too, but the whole point of a spanking is to make sure you don't earn another spanking anytime soon. Now have a seat."

"Yes, sir." Daisy felt her father gently moving to stand underneath her, and picked herself up off his lap. As she nestled down and folded her hands on her lap, her father looked like a strong, chiseled statue towering above her. Her bottom wasn't exactly

sore, but there was a warm buzz from both cheeks as they pressed against the firm mattress.

Standing at his full height, the King turned to face his daughter. Daisy knew he wasn't angry because he *never* spanked her in anger, but he certainly had the "tough dad" look down pat. "All right, tell me what you think you did wrong today, young lady."

Her hands fidgeted with the lower hem of her yellow and white skirt. "Well, I lost my temper and cussed up a storm. That's the main thing, I guess?"

"Good start. But now I want you to dig a little deeper. Think of it like you're telling me a story. Start with what happened while we were playing *Mario Party*."

"But don't we both know what happened?"

"Trust me, Daisy. I remember, but I want to hear you say what you remember."

"Okay. Well, I lost the die roll, and I totally got screwed out of that last match! And then I lost my temper and threw the controller at the TV."

"*Through* the TV."

Ashamed to look her father in the eye, Daisy looked down and focused on her fingers as they lightly twisted the fabric awkwardly. What exactly was she supposed to do with her hands in this situation? What she really wanted was to put them on her bottom, but that wouldn't do.
"I'm sorry, Dad, I know I did wrong."

As the King sat down next to her, Daisy felt a thrill wondering if her spanking was about to commence. Instead, he gently held her fidgeting left hand.

"I'm glad to hear that you're sorry now, Daisy. Now, here's the first problem: You say you got 'screwed' out of a win. You think that's what happened, but is that really what happened?"

"It's what *I* remember!"

"Think on it more carefully. You remember you called me a cheater? Do you really think I cheated?"

With her Dad on eye-level, Daisy felt more relaxed. It really was easier to think now! “I shouldn’t have called you a cheater, that was me running my mouth. I know you didn’t cheat. It was the game’s fault.”

“It wasn’t the game’s fault, either, Daisy. You know that random chance is a part of that game. We’ve played it plenty of times. How many times have I landed on a bad space? But I don’t throw things when I get unlucky.”

“But you lose to me all the time. You’re used to it.”

“And I have fun even when I lose. Because before I start to play the game, I decide that even though I want to win, it’s not the end of the world if I lose. If I lose, that’s not the game’s fault. Here, look at this.”

The King produced a gold coin from his pocket and flipped it into the air, catching it deftly and slapping it against the back of his left hand. “Heads or tails?”

Daisy’s eyes narrowed. “If I lose, do I get spanked?”

“Only if you want to make it interesting.”

“Ah! So if I don’t lose, I don’t get spanked, right?” said Daisy, with a wry grin.

“Nice try, Daisy, but you’re not fast-talking your way out a spanking today. No bet.”

“Hey, it was worth a shot! I call heads!”

The king raised his hand. “Tails. See, good thing for your tail we didn’t make that bet. Now, notice how you’re not mad you lost?”

“Well, yeah, it’s just a coin toss. What’s the point getting mad over that?”

“Exactly my point.”

“But *Mario Party* is different than a coin toss. It’s a test of skill, strategy—”

“And luck. Which you knew going into the game, but you forgot while playing *Mario Party* because you got more invested than you did for the coin toss.”

“But, the investment is what makes it fun! I’m focused on my goal and I’m going after it! Am I not supposed to want the win?”

“You fixated on the goal to the point you forgot where you were and what you were doing. Wanting the win is a good thing. You should take pride in winning. Do you take pride in breaking the TV?”

Daisy swallowed. The memory of doing that felt like burning coals on her head. Daisy imagined a couple of those hot coals rolling down her back towards her bottom. She adjusted her seat uncomfortably. As she settled her weight back down, she imagined herself sitting on a whole pile of those coals. Even that would have been preferable to the slow roasting her conscience was giving her. “No. I’m not proud of that. I never want to do that again.”

“You can achieve that goal, Daisy. You start by fixing your attitude.”

“So that’s why you call my spankings ‘attitude adjustments’? But how do I fix it myself, ya’know, without the spanking? Isn’t my attitude something I just…feel?”

“You can fix your attitude by deciding how you’re going to act if something goes wrong *before* something goes wrong. Say to yourself, ‘If I lose, at least I won’t be a sore loser.’”

“Hold on, it’s kinda’ like when that alien jerk Tatanga kidnapped me and tried to force me to marry him. I was in a pretty rough place for a while. But I held out until Mario rescued me. I remember I had to just…decide that I wasn’t going to let that bully get me down.”

“Precisely. Now, apply that same idea to your video game situation.”

A lightbulb appeared above Daisy’s head. “Oh, yeah! I get it now! Just ‘cuz I’m down, doesn’t mean I have to stay down!...Dang! Wish I’d thought of that before I…” Daisy trailed off, embarrassed at the direction this ‘story’ was going.

“Go on, Daisy. You’re doing great.”

“…Before I shot my mouth off and threw the controller through the TV. Then I was a dick to you…Oops! Sorry! I said ‘dick’!” Daisy put a hand in front of her mouth.

Her dad shrugged. “Honestly, I don’t mind if you speak frankly when it’s just you and me. You can’t use that kind of language while performing your royal duties, but you’re

not always a ‘princess.’ You’re also my daughter, and I love you…Even when you act like a dick.”

Daisy snorted with laughter. Her dad patted her on the back. “Just try to treat your language like a habit, that’s all. Build it into a good habit over time, like you do with sports. Now, the next thing you did was ignore my ‘warning shots.’ You know perfectly well I’m willing to spank you. Why’d you double down?”

Daisy squirmed. “I guess…it was like I got mixed up. I didn’t *want* a spanking, but the idea that I was *close* to getting a spanking sort of…drove me nuts? If I’m gunning for a spanking, might as well go whole hog, right?”

“You wanted to win?”

Daisy nodded furiously. “Yeah! That’s it!”

“And does getting spanked make you feel like a winner?”

She stifled a laugh, then hung her head. “No! It sucks! I feel like such a loser right now!”

“So, what were you trying to prove? What would make you, ‘Feel like a winner?’”

“Well, I wanted to prove that I’m not afraid of a spanking? I don’t want you to think I’m a chicken.”

“Daisy, your courage has never been in question. It’s your self-control. I already know you’re not afraid of a spanking because over the years, I’ve watched you take quite a few spankings like a champ.” Dad held up his trusty right hand to pantomime the act of spanking the champ. “First-hand experience, and a front row seat, if you will.”

Daisy blushed at the thought of being called a champ by her dad. It made the idea of being bent over a knee seem more like standing on a pedestal. “But if I want to show you that I have self-control, I don’t have to double down. Man, I *knew* it was a bad idea when I did it, but I did it anyway…and now…”

Daisy halted at saying the dreaded word, wondering if her father was going to finish her sentence for her. This was it. It never seemed like a big deal until the moment finally arrived. Already, it felt like her bottom was throbbing!

But the King waited, until Daisy understood that this was his way of letting her face her fate head on. “And now it’s time for my spanking, isn’t it?”

“Yes, Daisy. It’s time for your spanking now. The real one. I want you to stand up, remove your dress, and fetch your mother’s old wooden hairbrush from your dresser."

Daisy hesitated only for a moment before obeying father's instructions. As she slowly undid the decorative clasp of her white belt, Daisy realized that she was wearing her skirt-to-shirt dress, meaning she’d have to remove the whole thing. “Why couldn’t I have worn shorts, or a skirt and blouse today?” she wished silently. She also wished, now more than ever, that she’d never lost her temper.

Daisy caught a glimpse of herself in the mirror above her dresser. Underneath her cotton panties, she saw her lower cheeks already had a healthy pink color to them. The color brought Princess Peach’s perky, pink-clad posterior to mind.

Out of respect for Daisy’s modesty, Dad never made her undress more than was necessary, but when Daisy screwed up as badly as she had today, a bare bottom would definitely be deemed necessary sooner or later. As Daisy reached behind her back to reach the zipper, she blushed at the thought of having to bring her father the hairbrush wearing only her socks, underpants, and sports bra. If she only had a shirt, at least she’d feel a little less exposed.

Rationally, she knew it wasn’t a big deal. After all, he was about to bare her bottom, anyway. Plus, she competed in sporting events wearing form-fitting clothing all the time. The amount of clothing wasn’t all that different. But emotionally, it felt completely different. It was just one of those things.

It took an effort, Daisy fought down her embarrassment and asked the question. Nothing to lose, right? “Uh, Dad, is it okay if I put on a shirt quick?”

“Of course, dear.” The King studiously studied the manga and potted superball flowers, politely ignoring Daisy’s state of déshabillé.

With a sigh of relief, Daisy threw on a baggy orange Milli Vanilli shirt, then opened the top right drawer of her dresser to reveal the antique hairbrush. Hand-carved from solid hickory, it was stained to a gorgeous cherry-wood brown. At times Daisy found the color reminiscent of her and her late mother’s hair. But today, the reddish color of the wood reminded her of another part of her anatomy. On the back was an engraving depicting a mother and daughter in embrace, surrounded by daisies. After losing her mother, Daisy

had often pulled this hairbrush out and stared at the picture, remembering the days she sat in her mother's lap. Whether the Queen used the hairbrush to gently untangle Daisy's messy hair, or used it to not so gently paddle Daisy's behind, the carved illustration could easily have depicted Daisy and her own mother in either scenario.

"I love you, Mom," Daisy whispered to the picture of the woman on the back of the hairbrush. Dad had taken on the role of disciplinarian only after they had lost Mom. The Queen had been every bit as good a spanker as the King.

The brush weighed in her hand, and Daisy shivered with apprehension. Daisy felt her heart racing as she imagined what was to come, dreading the thought of the hairbrush making contact with her already tender skin. She imagined herself bent over her father's knee, her bare bottom exposed and vulnerable to the punishing blows of the brush.

She tried to push the image out of her mind, focusing instead on her father's words and the lesson she was about to learn. With a deep breath, Daisy turned and carried the hairbrush slowly back to her father, her steps feeling heavy and unsteady. Her stomach churned with nerves as she approached him. She felt her feet sink into the thick carpet and wished she could just keep sinking into the floor until she was swallowed up.

Earlier, Daisy had begged him to get her spanking over with. Now, she only wanted to delay the inevitable.

When their eyes met, Daisy blurted out, "I'm so sorry, Dad. I know I messed up. I feel terrible about what I did…I love you, Dad."

"I love you too, Daisy." Daisy offered her father the hairbrush and was ashamed to see her hands shaking as he took it from her. As he accepted the brush, he held her trembling hand gently, and patted his lap with his other hand. "You're my brave girl. Come over my lap and we'll get this taken care of. It'll all be over soon."

"Yes, sir." Daisy felt the thick fabric of her father's woolen pants against the bare skin of her thighs as she lay across his left leg. Daisy knew that, as opposed to laying over his lap for a hand spanking, resting her weight on the bed and dangling her spread legs across his knee would allow him to do a more proper job with the hairbrush. Later, if she started to kick, it would also allow him to quickly pin her left leg in place with his right leg. Daisy hoped she wouldn't start squirming that badly, but it was easier said than done.

Hooking his left arm around his daughter's waist, the King skipped the ceremonial "love taps" and landed the first solid spank with the hairbrush smack across the center of her crack. Daisy could feel its impact reverberating through her body. The sound it made was loud and sharp, like a crack of thunder. She winced and cried out as the pain intensified. Unlike the earlier hand spanking, the wood of the hairbrush sank deep into her glutes. After only four strokes, Daisy's legs started to buck, straightening her legs and failing to lift her hips up and out of the spanking position. Without thinking, she tried to throw her hands behind her to shield her bottom. But with her Dad's arm keeping her upper torso tightly in place, Daisy could barely cover the upper portion of her right cheek with her right hand, and her left hand could do nothing for her defenseless left cheek.

"Daisy, hold still!" Papa ordered firmly, securing his grip and planting a quick swat to the left cheek. It was basic psychology. Like a horse, Daisy instinctively moved her body forward, away from the slap, but moving her body forward only put her weight back across her father's knee. She could squirm uselessly, but she wasn't going anywhere. Daisy was forced to relax her legs and settle her lower waist back down, only to lift up both legs and shield her lower cheeks with her feet. One sock was starting to dangle off her right foot.

Daisy pursed her lips in a silent whistle, her urgent desire to escape punishment now mixed with embarrassment over caving this quickly. It'd been a few years since her last spanking, and no matter how memorable they were, the memories never fully prepared her to accept the reality. "I'm sorry, Daddy! I want to obey! Please, I wanna' obey!"

"Then I will help hold you in place. Put your legs down." Imagining a spank would land the second she stopped shielding her bottom with her legs, Daisy's feet wavered hesitantly, pulling away only to clap back against her quivering butt. Her right sock finally gave up and dropped away, and she felt the hot, tender flesh of her right cheek against the soft, cooling touch of her right foot's lower sole.

Daisy knew she was stalling. Just as the King impatiently set down the hairbrush in order to free his hand and move Daisy's legs himself, Daisy was able to concentrate and lower both legs, overriding the instinctual part of her brain that was screaming, "Mayday! If you put your foot down, your butt will get spanked! What are you doing?"

"That's more like it," sighed the King, hooking his right leg across Daisy's left thigh to pin it in place. This resulted in angling her lower body so that her left foot hung uselessly in the air. Careful not to pull too roughly, the King grasped Daisy's right wrist and guided her arm so that it was tucked securely behind her back. Daisy's right foot had more free range of motion, but she found that whether she tried to rest her weight on the ball of

her foot, or tried to lift it up, it made no difference. Now nothing would be able to come to the rescue of her defenseless behind. Daisy had wanted to surrender, and the stupid part of her brain that wanted to run away was now *forced* into surrender. The long-dreaded spank she'd been imagining finally landed on the plump meat of her left cheek. Daisy pursed her lips and a strand of her bangs fell out of place over her eyes.

"You've taken your spankings better than that in the past. I think you need something to help you concentrate. I want you to count each spank out loud after I land it. And say 'Thank you, sir,' after you count the number."

As she blinked, she saw her hair was clinging to wet tears. With her free left hand, she brushed the hair away and cleared her vision. At least she had that much she could do. "How many do I have to count?"

"As many as I think you need to teach you to settle down. Don't worry about the total. Just think about each number as you count." He patted her over the panties again, the unmistakable signal that they were about to start.

"Yes, sir!" Daisy nodded, her voice shaking. She concentrated on counting the number one, but when the spank landed on her right cheek, she bit her bottom lip. "Ffff--One! Thank you, sir!" Luckily, she maintained focus before slipping out an f-word.

She continued her count, her words punctuated by the sound of the hairbrush striking her bottom. "Two! Thank you, sir. Three. Thank you, sir. Four. Thank you, sir..." It occurred to Daisy by waiting to land each spank until after she had finished counting, her father was trusting her with some control over the pace of her punishment. It was easy to feel weak and helpless in this situation, but before Daisy had been so afraid of the terrible brush she couldn't control her legs. Now, Daisy was falling into a pattern of mentally accepting each and every spank.

"Five! Thank you sir! Whew!" Daisy exhaled, and thought only of how many more she would have to count. This was a mistake, for when the sixth spank landed, Daisy blurted out, "Yow! Seven!? Spankee, sir! …Uh, Thank you, sir?"

"No, Daisy, you missed your count."

"Six! I meant six!"

"Start again at five."

Daisy mewed like a sad kitten. “Mwah? But Dad, that’s not fair!”

The King clenched his teeth, reminding himself not to spank out of anger. “Daisy, the point of this exercise is to teach you self-control and focus. That’s what a fair punishment is! Rather than arguing with me over the number of spanks, concentrate on accepting your fate and counting the number of spanks. Do you want me to start the count over from the beginning?”

Daisy turned her head over her right shoulder, then switched to her left awkwardly, trying to look her dad in the eye. “Yes, sir! I want to start over from the beginning. That’s what I meant when I said it wasn’t fair!”

The King’s mustache drooped and his bushy eyebrows rose until they met. “You *want* me to start over? Daisy, please don’t ask me to give you any more spanks than I have to. This doesn’t have to be a contest of wills.”

Daisy steeled herself up and spoke with all the conviction she could muster. “I’m not trying to defy you this time, Dad. You said I had to keep count and I didn’t. I failed the challenge, so I think it’s only fair to start off from the beginning. I don’t think 5 extra spanks is ‘more than necessary.’ You said I wasn’t taking this spanking well. I want to show you that I can take it like a champ!”

The words poured out of Daisy’s mouth in a rush of sincerity, before she could stop to consider whether she actually wanted those 5 extra spanks. Her bottom certainly didn’t want them. But Daisy’s competitive spirit made her fight through the stinging protest from her gluteus maximus. “I’ll accept whatever punishment you deem necessary. If you want me to start at 5, I’ll obey. If you decide to start over from the beginning, I’m ready. I’m sorry for back-talking. I just…want to be brave.”

The King beamed. At that moment, he wanted to drop the brush and pull her into a hug right then and there. But he could tell Daisy was having a breakthrough. “You already are brave, Daisy.”

The King considered his situation. By examining her lower cheeks poking out from under her underwear, he could tell her bottom was quickly turning from pink to red. (Where had she gotten those cheeky “Hi! I’m Daisy!” panties, anyway?)

He was always careful to control his strength to avoid bruising or any potential injury, and checking the color of the caboose was always a good way of gauging how effective the punishment was. On the one hand, Daisy was showing a remarkable change of

attitude already. On the other hand, if he let her off easy, he knew she would feel disappointed in herself. Daisy loved a challenge, and he knew she had set her mind on rising to this challenge. “Very well, you’ve convinced me. You will start your count again from the beginning. This time, try to keep your thoughts from wandering. Form a mental picture of each number in your mind and focus on that.”

As Daisy felt the three tell-tale love taps of the brush, she knew what was in store for her. “Yes, sir!” Turning her face forward, she smiled and closed her eyes to concentrate on counting that beautiful, sexy number one.

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Outside Daisy’s bedroom, Princess Azalea delicately put her own hands to her bottom, feeling sympathy pains for Daisy as she saw the hairbrush lift high into the air. Through the key hole, Azalea could only catch glimpses of one thing at a time. If she angled her body lower or higher, she could catch glimpses of Dad’s face, or his hairbrush, or Daisy’s face…or her bottom, of course.

“My sister is so, butt-slappin’ awesome!” thought Azalea.

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Taking Dad’s advice was doing wonders for Daisy. By concentrating on the numbers alone, she was able to count the first 5 spanks no problem. But just like she hoped, Dad wasn’t taking it any easier on her.

However, by the sixth spank, Daisy was starting to question whether this had been such a good idea. She hissed and caught her breath before remembering the all-important words. “Sssssiiiix! Hah! Th-thank you, sir!”

Mercifully, the King paused his steady rhythm for half a beat to allow Daisy to catch her breath, but he only paused for half a beat. “Whoo-ho! Seven! Thank you, sir.”

Daisy felt a fresh wave of tears welling up in her eyes, and bit into the comforter, seething out the count between clenched teeth. “YOP! Eight! Thank you, sir.”

The pain was intense, but it was nothing compared to the guilt and shame she felt. She knew that she had let her father down, and that the punishment was necessary for her growth as a person. "Yow-wah! Nine! Thank you, sir.”

Her bottom felt like it was on fire!

“WAH-HOO! T-Ten! Thank you, sir. Owowow!"

Daisy clenched and unclenched her bottom, waiting to count number eleven. Finally, she turned and looked back. The hairbrush hovered in mid-air and her father seemed contemplative. “Good work, Daisy. You’re doing much better. I’m glad you’re being so cooperative.”

The King beamed as he released his grip on Daisy’s left leg and right arm, but his face darkened. “However, your misbehavior today was serious, and merits a thorough bottom-warming. This needs to be a lasting reminder. Let’s have these off.” A few love-taps over Daisy’s “Hi! I’m Daisy!” panties made her duty clear.

Even those gentle pats were enough to send a jolt through Daisy’s throbbing tuchus. She pushed herself up off the bed, supporting herself with her right hand. As she grasped the elastic band of her panties with her left hand, she tugged at them awkwardly and lost her grip on the elastic band. They snapped back into place at an awkward diagonal angle. Just the touch of the cotton fabric and the heat she felt radiating from her butt was enough to speak volumes.

Seeing Daisy was struggling, the King moved to help her. Their hands touched as they both grasped the elastic band at the same time, and they gracefully pulled the undergarments down together.

Daisy found herself thinking what a great team she and her dad made, when she thought she heard a soft whistling noise? She glanced to the window to see if perhaps a bird was admiring her Superball flowers, but saw nothing there. Finally, she assumed it must have been the rustling of her panties as they glided down her legs.

Daisy stepped her left foot out of the panties, knowing she’d need her legs free. Also, she’d hate to ruin one of her favorite pairs of undies by kicking and stretching them.

Switching the hairbrush from his right hand to his left, the King adjusted his position on the bed and offered his right leg to Daisy as a cushion. As she crawled across it onto the bed, she felt his leg under her like a pillow, lifting her bottom into position. Bemused, Daisy wondered if his right arm was sore.

The King's right leg pinned Daisy's legs in place, framing his target perfectly between her baggy shirt above and his pant leg below. "I want both of my hands free. Grip the comforter to keep from throwing back your hands."

Daisy clenched and unclenched her fists, digging her fingers into the comforter, before she spotted the beloved Mr. Burgy smiling at her from her pillows. "May I hold onto Mr. Burgy? I think that would work better."

Dad spotted Mr. Burgy, and with a hearty laugh reached to pick the stuffed toy up and hand it to Daisy. "Good idea! If you hold onto Mr. Burgy's buns, you won't be tempted to hold onto your own buns!"

Hugging Mr. Burgy to her cheek for support, Daisy shot the King of Dad Jokes a look over her shoulder. "…Daaad!"

"Couldn't resist." With three dreaded love pats from the hairbrush, Dad the Judge announced Daisy the penitent criminal's sentence. "I'm going to give you 20 strokes with the hairbrush. We started today with a birthday spanking and we'll finish with another one. No need to count. I think we both want this over with. Are you ready?"

"You bet I'm ready!" Out of the corner of her eye, Daisy could see her own red bottom poking in the air. She saw her sock-covered left leg, and her sockless right leg, with her yellow panties hanging from the back of her knee. She saw the picture on the back of the hickory hairbrush as her father raised it in slow motion. Not wanting to watch it fall, Daisy turned to look back at Mr. Burgy, closing her eyes as she buried her tear stained face into the soft plush.

Dad kept his word. With no further ceremony or lecturing, he landed 20 brisk spanks with the hairbrush over Daisy's bare bottom. Once pale as snow, in contrast to the rest of her tan skin, it was now angrily "sun burned." The King carefully placed six spanks to paint Daisy's bottom a consistent, even shade of red. Daisy obeyed heroically, but was already balling her eyes out into Mr. Burgy. The tears dripped down onto the plushie's face, creating the illusion her childhood toy was also crying for her.

The King changed up the pattern by landing four strokes to Daisy's muscular thighs. Daisy's feet twisted and she clenched her toes. If her father hadn't been holding her tightly in place, she might not have resisted the temptation to shield her bottom with her feet again, but she was determined not to buck and squirm too much.

The King inspected his work and determined that there were two spots he had missed in his paint job. With his right hand, he lifted Daisy's right cheek to slightly expose the hidden sit spot below her crack, landed four spanks there, and repeated the process for the spot below her left cheek. As the spanks landed on her tautly stretched sit spots, Daisy dug her fingers into Mr. Burgy so tightly, his wanly smiling head was starting to look like a balloon. Her hair flying wildly over her face, Daisy's voice broke in a shuddering wail. "Daadeeeee! M'soooorrryyy!"

As a tear streamed down his cheek, the King's voice cracked. "I'm sorry, too, Daisy Darling." He planted the final two blows of the hair brush to the center of each cheek. "19, and one to grow on. It's all over, kiddo. You've been punished enough." He placed a comforting hand on the small of her back as she freely cried into her stuffed toy. Suddenly sitting up, she surprised the king by pulling him into a hug by hooking him with her right arm. "Woah! That's my little spitfire! You're not trying to kill me, are ya?"

Daisy hiccupped. "Hic! N-never joke like that!" Then she buried her face in her dad's shoulder and cried her eyes out. The King held her weight in his lap, careful to keep her shining, Mario-hat-red-colored globes from touching anything.

Not releasing his grip on Daisy, the King reached for the rope of the servant's bell resting beside Daisy's bed and rang it. "Daisy? You might want to get dressed." Daisy shook her head and hugged her father so tightly he couldn't escape. The king shrugged and decided it was better to try and console his inconsolable daughter.

"D-dad? Remember when I was 16 and you caught me playing hooky?"

"Didn't I give you a bedtime spanking every night for a week?"

"Yeah. It was my last spanking before today! …Are you going to do that again this time?"

"I wasn't planning to. I think that you're well and thoroughly chastened. I don't enjoy spanking you, Daisy. The point is to teach you, not torment you!"

"Well, that's just it! Remember what you said about me needing to learn a lesson I'd never forget? Back then, the bedtime spankings really made me want to straighten up! Maybe it was something about having to look forward to a spanking every night, but you remember I never played hooky again?"

"Tied with Peach for top of your class at the Princess academy, I recall."

“Exactly…Maybe this is weird, but I still feel kinda’ guilty. I totally screwed up our day off together!”

“You shouldn’t be so hard on yourself, Daisy. You’re forgiven. In fact, I already forgave you before we started. Surely you don’t want me to spank you again after that rump roasting?”

“I sure don’t, but that’s my point. When you gave me the ‘reminder spankings’ they reminded me to shape up so I wouldn’t get another spanking any time soon! Plus, I’d get to see you every night!”

“So, that’s what this is about! Daisy, I don’t need to see you take a trip across my knee just to see you. If all you want is to spend more time with me, let’s do it!”

Daisy was taken aback. For the first time since she lost at *Mario Party*, her unofficial birthday was starting to feel like a happy birthday again.

“Yeah! That’d be amazing! …But, like, that’s not what I was getting at with the bedtime spanking thing. Look, maybe if you spank me a few times now, you won’t have to spank me a lot more later? Sort of like an investment in my future?”

The king chuckled. “Every time I spank you, I hope it’s the last time I ever have to spank you. You think a bedtime spanking will really make all the difference?”

“Well, when you put it like that, it sounds ridiculous. But, maybe it’ll buy you a few years at least? It couldn’t hurt to try! …Or rather, apart from my butt, it wouldn’t hurt to try.”

The King stroked his beard contemplatively. “Well, you have a point. If you’re sure, I can give you a bedtime spanking every night until you pay off the cost of the television. If I hear a good report from Toadish and the kitchen staff, I’ll go easy on you. If I hear you’re skiving off or getting in trouble, you can expect me to tan your hide. Does that sound fair?”

“Yeah. Plenty fair. I won’t let you down!”

“Then we’ll start tonight! I’ll be up to tuck you in!”

“Tonight?” Daisy shot a nervous glance at her buttocks.

“Don’t tell me you’re having second thoughts already. This is your suggestion! I won’t make you go through with it, but if you’re convinced this is a good idea, I see no point in delaying.”

“Hey! I’m not afraid! I was just thinking we’d start after my birthday, that’s all. Let’s start my bedtime spankings tonight!”

“Very well. I’m proud of you for having the maturity to ask for this. A Princess must learn to have a disciplined mind and body. Also, if you think the lesson has properly sunk in, let me know and we’ll end the bedtime spankings. Maybe you can learn to lick your habit of earning a licking!”

They heard a rap at the door. Nothing had taken Daisy’s attention away from hugging her Dad until she caught the sound of the knock. “Huh? Who’s there?”

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“Who’s there?” was a very good question indeed. If only Daisy had thought to ask it earlier, the answer might have been very different. In fact, there might have been two spanked Princess bottoms on display in Daisy’s room at the same time. But alas, Daisy didn’t think to ask the question sooner.

At the precise moment when Daisy and her father were gracefully pulling down her panties in preparation for the second date with the hairbrush, Daisy thought she heard a sound, but dismissed it.

Outside the door, peeping through the keyhole, Princess Azalea barely contained a low whistle as she witnessed the removal of the “Daisy Dukes” and got an eye-full of Daisy’s tender behind. It was like an endless field of pink flowers, interrupted by red patches of strawberries.

“Princess Azalea? What are you doing here?” squeaked a prim little voice.

Azalea hopped into the air and threw her hands to protect her bottom! Behind her stood Toadelia, adjusting her glasses.

“Toadelia! I was, uh? Examining our castle’s security system? You know, skeleton key locks are ridiculously easy to pick? I think we could benefit from an electronic alarm system!”

“So that we could, for example, catch you eavesdropping on your sister’s spanking? After the King specifically told you not to? For shame, Azalea!”

“Please don’t tell on me!”

“Your father ought to know. If you enjoy watching Daisy’s spankings so much, perhaps she deserves the opportunity to witness yours!”

“I know I deserve a spanking! But hear me out. If Daisy finds out I watched, she’ll be mortified! I didn’t watch to be mean. I only thought it’d be cool to see…how cool she is? And I figured if she didn’t know I peeped, it wouldn’t count as being mean since she wouldn’t know. And if she didn’t know, that means she won’t know to be more embarrassed…if that makes sense. If you tattle on me, it’d be like you’re adding to her punishment!”

“Well, you’re right about one thing. You most certainly deserve a spanking for this. At the very least, I will have to tell your father.”

“But he’ll be so disappointed in me! Wait, can’t you spank me instead? You have Dad’s permission to do it if you catch me being naughty and he can’t be interrupted.”

“Well, it would be awful for the King to have to spank both his daughters in one day. And this business with Daisy is already putting him behind schedule. Very well, I suppose I do have your father’s permission to spank you for minor behavioral issues. Go to your room, and I’ll be along shortly to deal with you personally.”

Azalea removed her golf cap to wipe the sweat dripping from her brow. “Oh, thank goodness! The whole time I was watching Daisy, I could only think about how badly I was going to get spanked if I was caught. Now that I am caught, it’s a relief! You’re not going to tattle on me?”

“I don’t like to tell tales. I’m a maid, not a spy. Though if you want my advice, Princess, you should confess the whole affair to your father as soon as possible. I’d suggest you do it later today, perhaps when he comes to kiss you goodnight. Facing the truth is always better than living a lie, Azalea.”

Azalea’s lip trembled. “But what if he spanks me again?”

“He might. Or he might not. It depends on whether you trust him to be fair.”

At this point, Azalea could not help overhearing the tell-tale smacks of a sturdy hairbrush against bare flesh, a testament to how thoroughly fair her father could be. “Thank you, Toadelia. I’ll think about what you said while I’m in timeout.”

“Good girl, Azalea! Now march along to your room!”

Azalea nodded, dashing off triumphantly, as though she was being offered a golf trophy, not a spanking.

Toadelia spotted Azalea’s forgotten golf club resting against the wall by her sister’s bedroom door. Toadelia shook her head. If Daisy earned most of her spankings because of her temper, Azalea earned most of hers through sheer forgetfulness. “Oh, Azalea, you forgot something!”

Azalea popped her head around the corner of the spacious halls, then sheepishly retrieved the damning evidence of her disobedience. “You know, I think I will tell Dad. I’m not so good at keeping secrets.”

Toadelia nodded sagely. “A wise decision, my lady. But I’m still taking the first crack at making sure you’ve learned your lesson.”

Clutching the golf club like a mighty sword, Azalea placed a hand on the toned muscles on her arm. “Don’t worry! I can take it. Thanks to all this conditioning, I’ve got buns of steel! …Oh, did that sound vulgar?”

“We’ll discuss it when I join you in your room. Be a dear and have a leather slipper ready for me. You’ll find a sturdy pair of them in your closet!”

At this news, Azalea’s confident smile didn’t fade, but it became a slightly scrunched smile. “Yeah! D-don’t go easy on me! I want to prove I can take a spankin’ just as good as Daisy!”

As Azalea dashed around the corner towards her room, Toadelia sighed with a mix of admiration and condescension. Azalea had a delightful, strong mind when she applied herself, but Azalea lacked subtlety.

Toadelia most certainly did *not* peep through the keyhole, but she settled herself by the door, ready to answer the king’s call at a moment’s notice. She was Daisy’s personal maid, after all, and this was her place. She couldn’t help but overhear everything happening within earshot.

And if, later, Toadelia decided to record these details for posterity, purely out of historical interest, who could blame her? Those “Princess Daisy Gets a Spanking” bedtime stories didn’t write themselves, after all!

While Daisy certainly didn’t miss a single detail of what went on behind the closed door, sadly, for the anthropologists and literary scholars of the Mushroom Kingdom, Toadelia’s talk with Azalea led her to miss a few details of Daisy’s soon to be legendary birthday spanking. Just as she perked up her ears to listen, she caught the King counting out 19, and 20 as one to grow on, an unmistakable birthday spanking!

After listening to a bit of heartwarming dialogue between father and daughter, Toadelia determined that she had better announce herself.

After rapping sharply on the door, she heard Daisy’s energetic voice project from behind it. “Huh? Who’s there?”

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Father and daughter heard the gentle maid’s voice from outside her room. “Toadelia, my lady. May I enter?”

Daisy noticed that she had long ago kicked her yellow panties off her foot. “Cripes! Where’re my bloomin’ bloomers?” She swiveled her head around to survey the room, found the panties had flown through the air and landed on a superball flower, and scrambled to retrieve them.

“Daisy, after you put those on, march your keister over to the corner. I promised you a time out after your spanking.”

“Ah, man! You’re gonna’ let Toadelia see me in time out?” whined Daisy as she gingerly pulled the “Hi! I’m Daisy!” panties into place over her swollen cheeks.

“Toadelia’s *put* you in timeout before. Your spankings are no state secret. Say, Toadelia, haven’t I given you permission to spank Daisy in the past?”

Toadelia’s muffled voice rang from behind the closed bedroom door. “Yes, my liege. I haven’t had to do it too often though. Princess Daisy is a wonderful boss!”

“Yes, she really is a wonderful Princess when she wants to be! Well, Daisy, there you go. You have no reason to be ashamed of being seen in timeout. You can choose to start your timeout now, dressed as you are, or we can give Toadelia a crack at you and put your bare bottom on display in the corner with your shirt pinned up. What will it be?”

Daisy rushed to the corner with the speed that won her the silver medal in the 100 meter dash against Sonic the Hedgehog in the Olympics. “I’ll obey! I’m going to time out! Look at me, Dad! I’m standing in the corner! Boy! I *love* timeout!”

The King nodded. Already the spanking was having precisely the desired effect. “That’s more like it, Daisy. Oh! And remember this coin from earlier? I want you to keep it pressed against the wall with your nose.” Daisy groaned, but obeyed, scrunching her button nose against the cool metal coin to keep it in place, her hands behind her head with her fingers interlaced as was customary.

The King clapped his hands together twice (Daisy was thankful to hear the sound of her father’s hand clapping *anything* other than her behind). “Enter, Toadelia.”

The smartly dressed Toad maid entered, adjusting her glasses. “How may I help you, my liege?”

“Well, I’m going to prepare to meet Princess Toadstool and the famous Mario Brothers. After Daisy has served twenty minutes of corner time, help her get dressed properly and meet me in the banquet hall. Oh! And make a note. Tell Toadswell that, starting tonight, I want to clear my schedule of any extraneous tasks in the evenings. Tell him to front load my mornings if he has to. I need to make having more one-on-one time with Daisy and Azalea a priority.”

“Oh! That’s wonderful! I’m so happy for you and Daisy! I’ll make a note of it for Toadswell. I was just speaking with Azalea, and she was hoping to have a one-on-one chat with you as well tonight!”

“Perfect! Of course, I’ll make time for both my Princesses! Also, Daisy will be working in the kitchens starting the day after tomorrow. She can start by cleaning the dishes from her birthday celebration, then any work that Toadish can find for her. Tell him that I want to hear if she makes any trouble for him or is lazing around.”

Toadelia glanced at Daisy in the corner and the hairbrush on the dresser. “Ah! Of course, I see. And, will you require any additional…arrangements for your evenings with Daisy? Toadish has a lovely collection of wooden spoons and several bread paddles.”

“No additional arrangements for now. Though that might change if I get any bad reports. Which reminds me, do let me know if Daisy doesn’t keep that coin firmly pressed in place during her time out.”

Toadelia curtseyed as she promised to fulfill all the King’s requests. He wished Daisy luck and gave her a little kiss on the cheek. Daisy thanked him, and wished she could return the kiss as she concentrated on keeping the coin firmly pinned in place. She knew she was in for a long week, but she was up for it. There was nothing Princess Daisy loved more than a good challenge.

Then her nose started to tickle.

“Achoo!”

The King turned just as he was stepping out of the door in time to see the coin rolling towards him.

Toadelia covered her mouth. “It wasn’t her fault, my lord! Oh dear! I think the pollen from those Superball flowers is giving me allergies! Achoo! See?”

Daisy looked at the coin with a sense of defeat. Would it be the wooden spoon or the bread paddle tonight? “I’m sorry, Dad, I sneezed.”

The king picked up the coin and brought it back to Daisy. “Don’t worry, hot shot, we all make mistakes. Just do your best, and keep making me proud!” As Daisy pressed the coin back in place, she vowed to do just that.

The End